18+

ADULTS ONLY

JONAS VENTURE

&

THE BLUE MORPHO

IN

PLEASE PLEASE ME

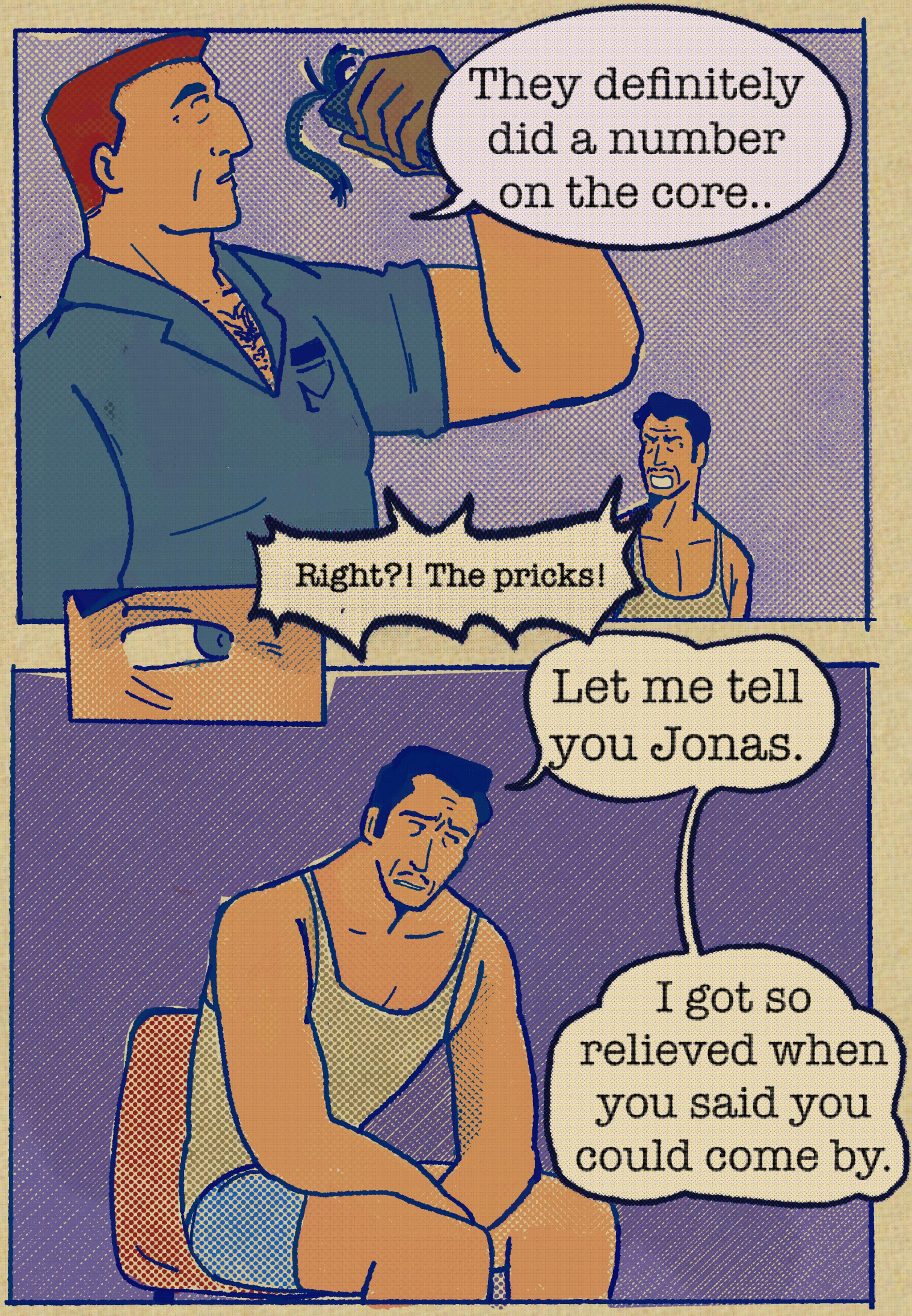
A VENTURE BROS
FANBOOK
BY GOATVAXING

1965
Ah, there you are. I was starting to get worried!
I could let myself in so easily I thought-
Good afternoon, Jonas!
I thought you might never come.

Say, where's your bodyguard?
Oh, Kano? I let him off the hook for the day. He deserves some free time.
I told him to not worry about the Morpho Mobile.
With vehicle malfunctions,one person fussing over it at this house is far enough.
I see.

Well, there she is. The victim in question.
The Guild has insurance for this y'know..
I don't need help. Thank you very much.
Right ...
And I am here because..?
...

So I assume you built her on your own.
Not quite, it's a modified Gullwing. But, yeah, I still tinker with it now and then.
Or, I would..
If Red Mantle's henches didn't screw up the internal system!


They definitely did a number on the core..
Right?! The pricks!
Let me tell you Jonas.
I got so relieved when you said you could come by.

I know that you are always so busy..
My issues are basically small fry compared to what you got everyday.
Nonsense, Morpho!
Friends always lend a hand in need!

Nothing seems to be stolen from first glance..
It might take more than just an afternoon to fix up everything.
Then what are we waiting for?
Let's get to work.

No villains, or otherworldly threats around..
Nothing wrong down here.
Really?
Yeah. No issues whatsoever.
Then I'll be taking that as a compliment!

This might be the most mundane thing I've done in a while.
And yet...
I can't say I am bored.

If anything
I might be a bit..
GRIP
.. distracted, from the task.

TURN
Now I like the sound of that!
RRR

Seems like everything is fixed!
Then there's one thing left to do.
?
How about taking it for a test drive?

The Morpho Mobile is back in action!

Oh this would've taken me weeks to repair.
But now.. it flies like it's brand new!
You are one hell of a lifesaver.
That's sweet and all, and I am flattered..
However, will this little drive around be my only payment?

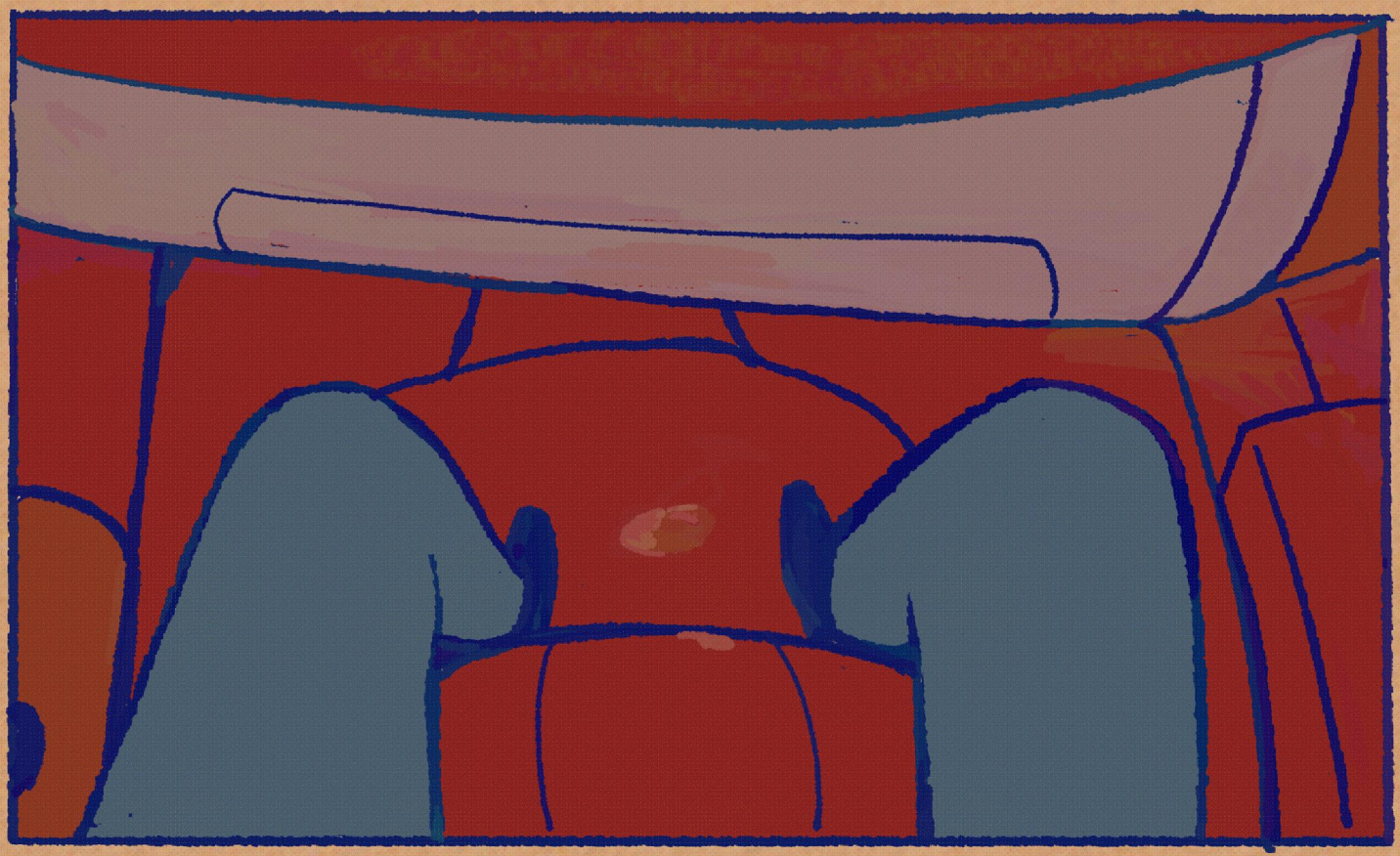
I don't know, I thought the scenery was already bountiful..
But I'm open for suggestions.
You're the driver. The host. Whatever say goes.
We're in private after all. You know what that means, right?

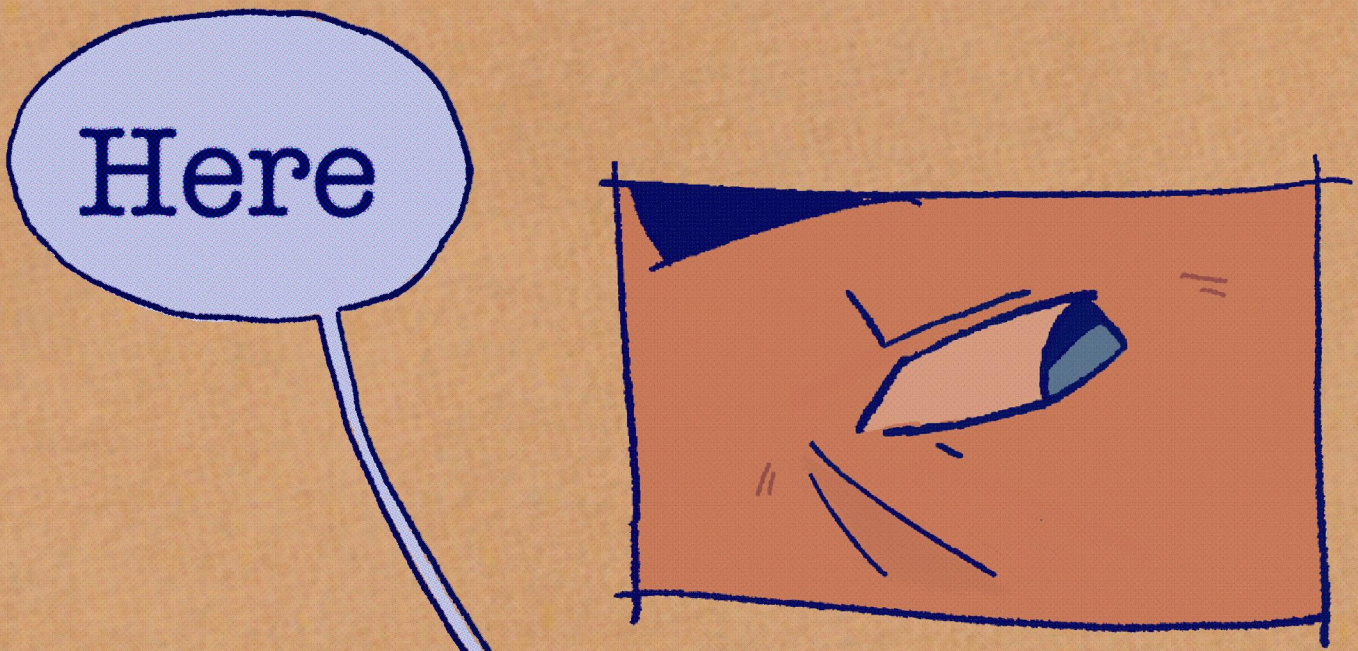
How's that for reward?
Not bad for starters.

Well since you did one hell of a job for me..
I have no issues lending an extra hand to you.

At first, the only distracting thought in my mind was about how bad the stain will be in the car afterwards.
A thought more fitting for the owner.

But the thoughts faded eventually.
The world closed off between us.
I didn't even notice it.




Here

For something so normal in interactions, a hollow wind seeps into the car.
The calm before disaster crashes in.
... but why would it?

I am angry.
... no, that's not it.
Stop acting like a pansy.
Thank him in the way one would thank a friend who just gave you a drive.
It's what is expected!

Y'know..

My wife will be out all night with the gals at a bachelorette party.
Once I return it'll be nothing but me in that big old house..

I don't want to force your hand here.
But I was thinking that maybe we don't end the night yet..
Sure!

I'd be happy to
keep you company.

Isn't this kind of..
I know, I know.
For a super scientist this is probably too primitive to you.
But personally? I think it has its charm.
Besides
They screen the flick so loud nobody will notice us!

Notice?
Just what kind of ruckus are you trying to initiate here?
Didn't we just fix your precious wagon?
That was different.
I tend to be more lenient
When the rough housing is done by me.

You don't seem to care much for the movie, aren't you?
Is it that surprising?
The sight in front of me is much more appealing right now.
I could say the same!

VASELINE
He seemed so prepared, I was considering asking if this was his first time,
... but something told me he wouldn't answer that.
It's not like it matters.

ngh~
oh
oh
gh~

It's ea
It's different.

It's only a few physical contrasts
Fat and muscle distribution
So why do I-
Jonas.

Please... I'm begging you
Keep your focus on me.

He didn't say anything special
Maybe that's what made it work

In this quiet the
thought returns
to me

Imagining it differently

For some reason

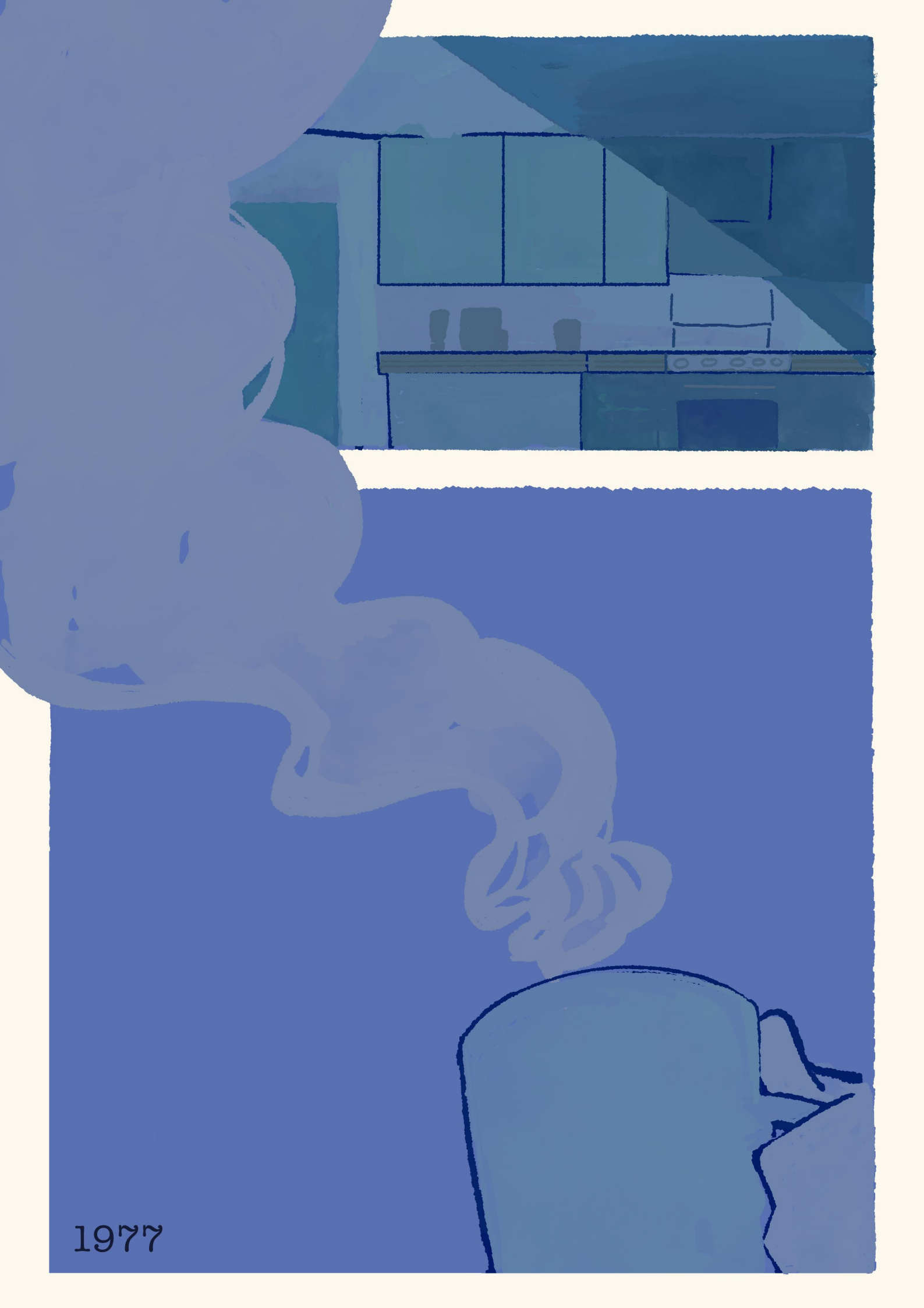
It just doesn't feel right
Hey

Is everything alright?

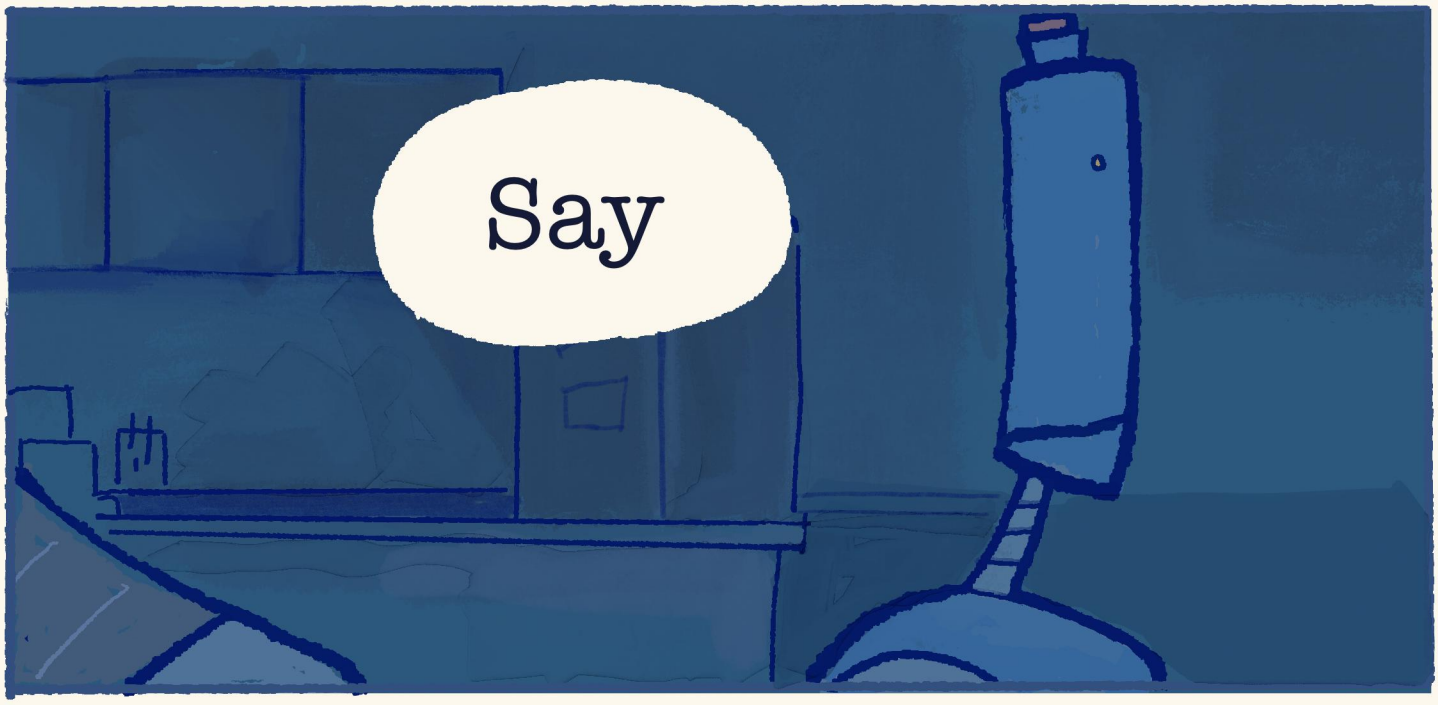
Of course.
Really?
You looked a bit somber for a moment.

If you feel bored perh
Come now blue baby
How would I feel sour

I always feel good when I'm with you.


1977

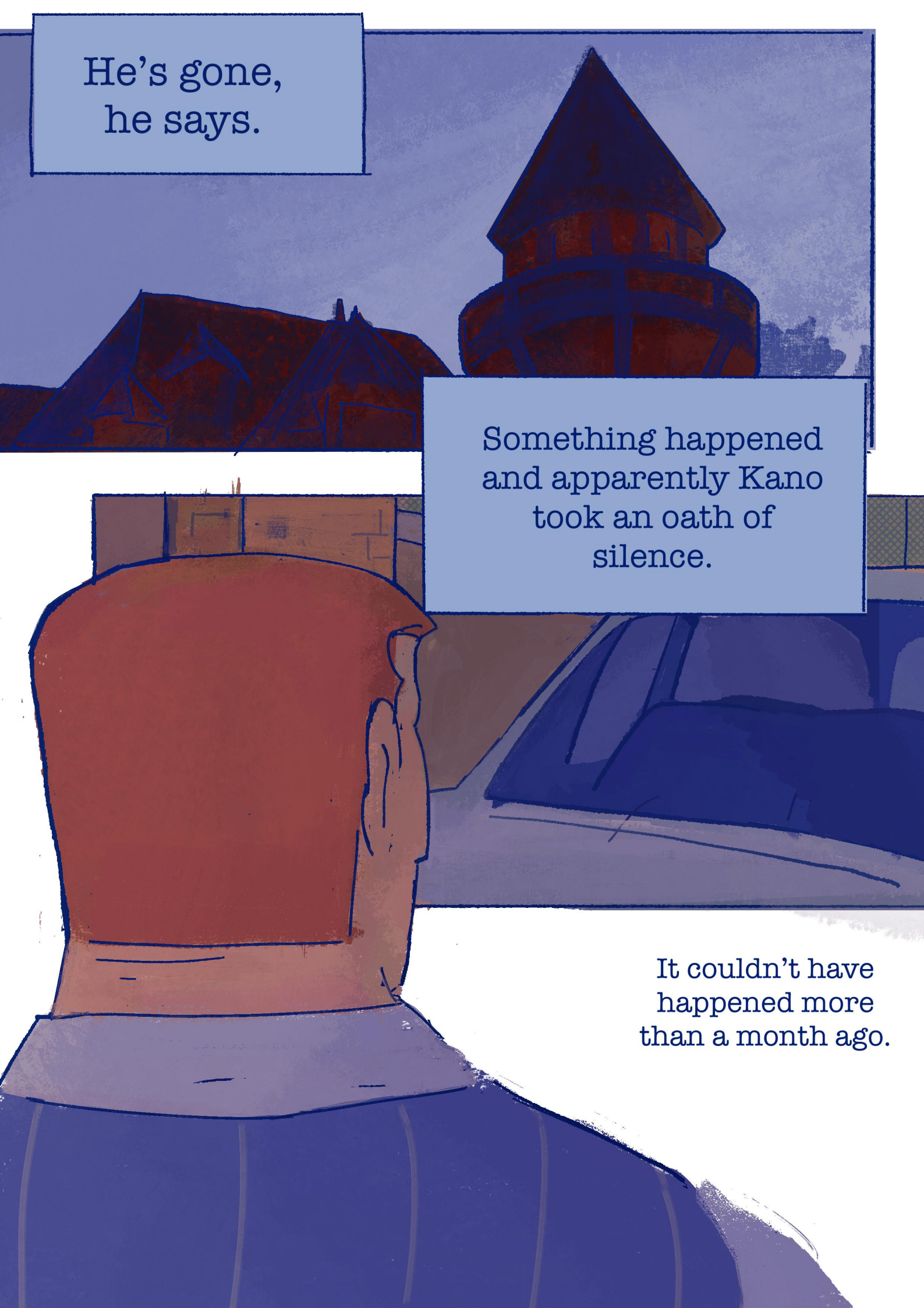
Awfully gloomy morning for an August
Eerily quiet too


Say

Where is
Venturion?

. . . . .
.. ...
--. --- -. .
WHAT?!

What do you mean by THAT!?
Alright, enough.
Tell anyone who asks that I am on a mission for the day.


He's gone, he says.
Something happened and apparently Kano took an oath of silence.
It couldn't have happened more than a month ago.

They must've thought I wouldn't care.
So they shoved this under the rug.
But
If he's gone,

then,
then

I didn't think you'd come.
It's so nice to see you again, Jonas.

He keeps talking but I cannot concentrate.
'Venturion' doesn't smell like formaldehyde or burning oil anymore.
The scant metals that meet my skin don't chill me with cold.

His touch is not.. feeble. It's brimming with thought.
Not like before.
It was just moving to command.
His gaze is fueled by life.
This can't be Venturion.
He just can't be.
It worked. It actually worked. He's here.

Can I even
deny it,
When Don is
staring at me like
he never left?

Don
I can't even begin
It's alright.

I know you.
You don't have to say anything.
I mean, you must be bored at this point!
So let's get back on track, shall we?
What do you want me do to, Jonas?
What....

Slow down, why won't you?
You only got your old self back a few days ago, it must s-still
Oh
Now now, let's not kid ourselves.
Stealing? Lying?
Murder? Seduction?
Do not worry!
The Blue Morpho will take care of it for ya!

Or is it something else?
Personal in a different way?
You know I'll always take care of your needs.

GuH
Ah!
Ugh
Jonas
What's wrong?

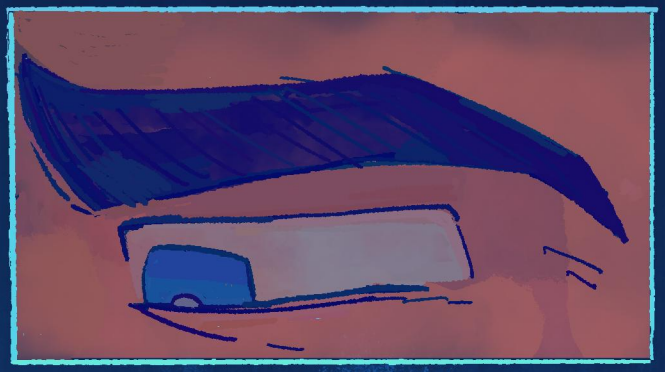
"Your needs"?
What needs?
Speak for yourself, Morpho.
I WASN'T THE ONE WHO INITIATED ALL THIS!

Ever since the beginning,
even when you could've denied me
you just pathetically pleaded me.
You, married and merry,
always
always
ALWAYS

Here you go.
You looked like you could use a pick-me-up, standing in your lonesome.
Too busy thinking about innovation, Dr Venture?
... something like that.
Wait.
Are you...?
Now, now. Let's not jump into conclusions!

The azure clad gentleman you've met on Spider-Skull island might've looked familiar to you. But be assured!
That was not me. I've come to make the **proper** introduction, I'm Don Fitzcarraldo.
Hm.. Alright.
CLINK
Pleased to meet you, Don.
The pleasure is all mine, Jonas.

It was always your fault.



You let this happen to yourself.

Right... I see now.
It makes sense!
Then I guess you hated me, right?
I mean, that would reason why you would've picked me out of the dozen.
To be this special you must've detested me to the core.

Shame you couldn't do the finishing blow!
Knowing you though.. isn't it perfect?
I'm finally out of your hair, and you didn't need to do anything.
The great doctor's hands are as clean as a whistle!

This is what
you wanted,
right?

Right?

... but, as
hypocritical of
me to say,

one of their most
natural threats is
the men who
collect them.

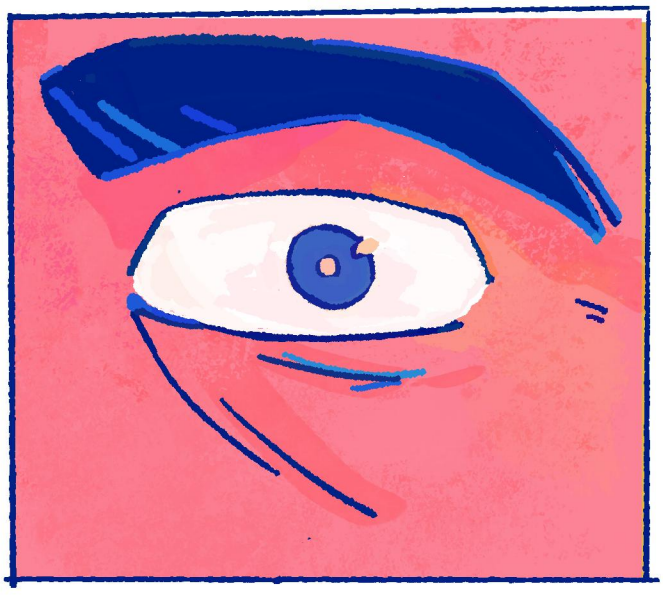
You sure know your stuff, Don.
... makes me wonder why you gave The Blue Morpho a female palette.
Hardy har. As if it isn't obvious!
He'd look like a damn popsicle!
Maybe try imagine flying around with a hard candy colored car!

Didn't know this was such a touchy subject.
Well, sort of...
SIGH
Yes. Yes it is.
It is an old fashioned hobby. Not quite flashy as wandering the salty seas or collecting dinosaur bones.
I know this must look silly of me.
To just ramble on about it is-
Nonsense!

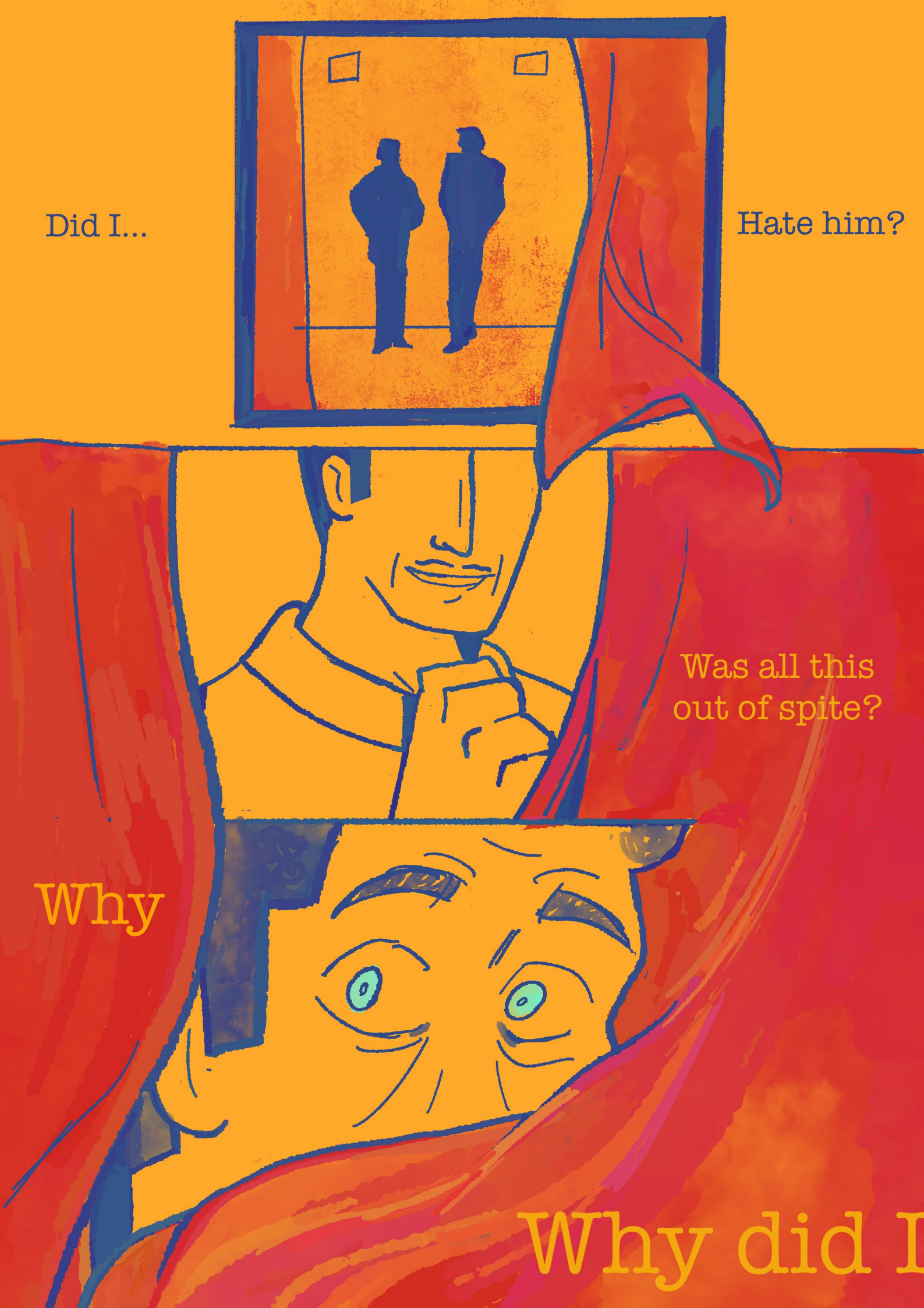
I think it's admirable, both the hobby and the commitment!

Only the best of men can show as much passion

as you.



Generous with compliments today, Jonas.
If I didn't know any better I'd think you're hitting on me!


Did I...
Hate him?
Was all this
out of spite?
Why
Why did I

No!
You weren't supposed to die!
You weren't supposed to just leave-

Don’t you think
that’s enough?

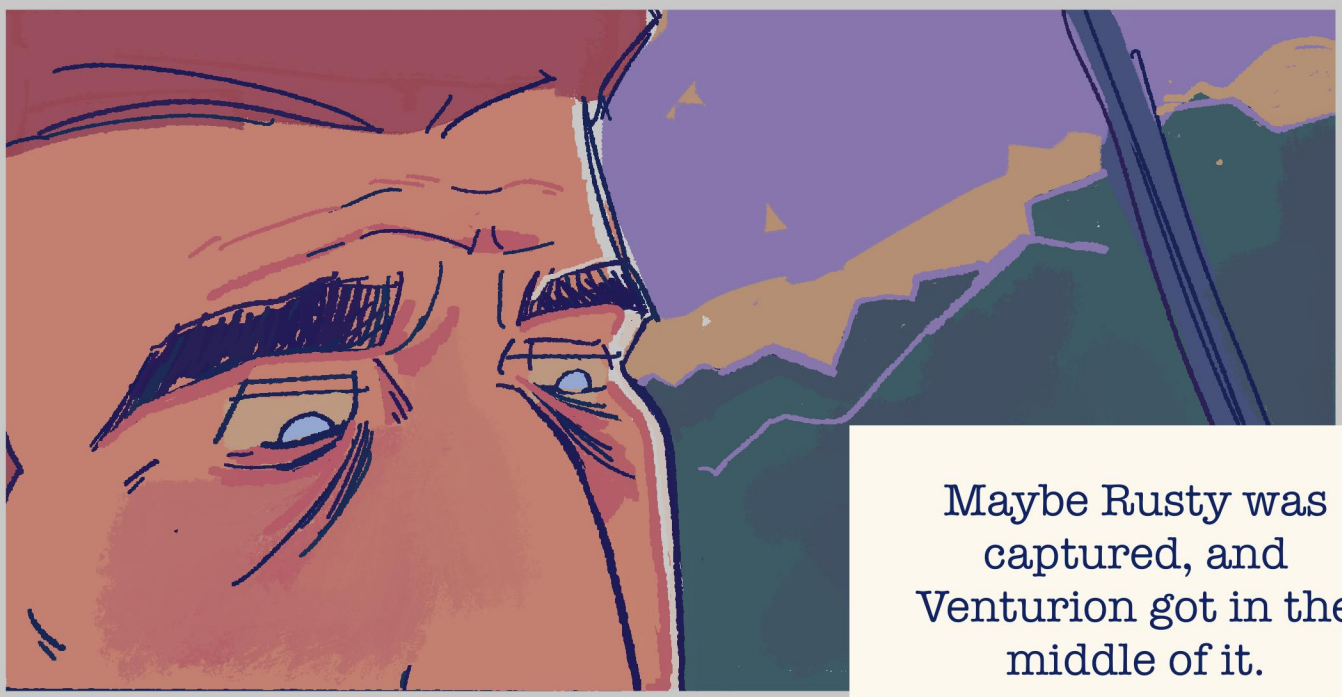
If you can't make your mind on how to feel about me
Why won't you let me go?

After all
This place is empty

Venturion is dead. There were no traces of him in Newark.

With how tight lipped everyone was it probably was during some botched villain suddenly appearing.

It wouldn't be the first time.



Maybe Rusty was captured, and Venturion got in the middle of it.

... what a waste.
I spent so much time on a goose chase.
And for what?

This smell-
Why did I forget. We liked the same brand.

End.

Afterword

Thank you for reading!

This is my first comic on this scale. It is with heavy weight that I let go of this, but I really enjoyed putting my visions of these terrible men into page.

I really love these two. Characters who live within mostly hearsays and memories but scarcely as what they are can be a tight rope walk to write, and to enjoy. Especially those who lie, cheat, live double lives, and have done canonical harm to others, their flaws enriching the tapestry of a story.

I focused on Jonas' point of view for this one, but I still hope that the way the fractured visions of Don not only are feasible to you too, but also say as many things about him as it does about Jonas. They're in the context of repressive sexuality era even while having this affair, especially that they're higher class society white guys based on fictional masculine ideals in fiction of that time. It's fascinating to then bring any kind of emotional weight to sentences about how Jonas was grieving after Don died, or how despite his vigilante/normal life balance Don still befriended Jonas on a scale where he muddled those two identities.

Despite all their scientific degrees and intelect, they're reckles and terrible! Which is what makes them great. Even if Jonas would face his own emotional turmoil over everything between him and the Blue Morpho, he'd still rather shove it all down, because he can and will, and I just can't stop staring at it like seeing an expensive car explode by the sidewalk.